

Suck

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK"
BY HAMILTON KING

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 11, 1915

PRICE, TEN CENTS



Painted by Frederick Duncan

LOVE SICK

Puck



VANITY FAIR

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Don't Be a Social Back Number —

If you are out of step with the whirling progress of our time; if you are removed from its magnetic influences; if, despite your youth, you are becoming an old fogey, or an old maid, or an old bachelor, or an old bore; if your *joie de vivre* is dying at the roots—then you must read Vanity Fair, and presto! you will be nimble-witted and agile-minded again—the joy of the picnic—the life of the grill-room—sunshine in the home.

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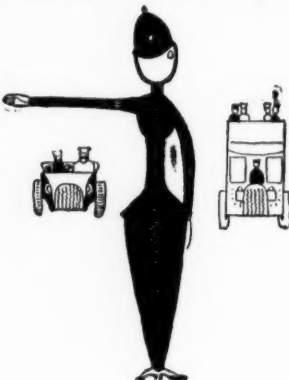


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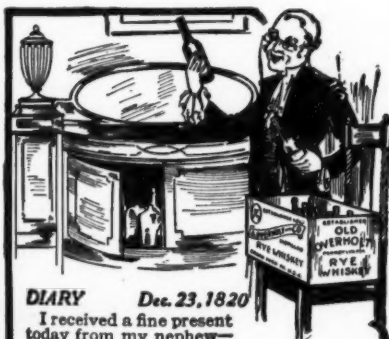
Like you who buy them, he depends chiefly on the reputation of the maker for good value.

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DIARY Dec. 23, 1920
I received a fine present today from my nephew—a case of fine, mellow

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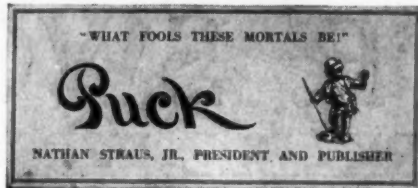
WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.

Pickings from PUCK

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Puck



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Speak Up, Frankly

What did you think of the holiday PUCK?

Was it up to your expectations? Did it have all the pep you expected? Was its color up to the mark?

These are questions that intrude upon the editorial mind, and in answering them according to their honest convictions, our readers will go far toward pointing the way to bigger and better things in PUCK.

Let's have an active brewing of Puck's Teapot. Lots of our friends tell us that Puck's engaging frankness in publishing just what its readers think about the paper is one of the most enjoyable features in these pages.

So sit down to-night and write a letter to the editor. Tell him whatever is on your mind. There's nothing that promotes better feeling between editor and reader than a heart-to-heart talk.

May we look for a line from you?

Next Week

A new series of pictures by the inimitable Heath Robinson, of London, begins in the next number of PUCK—a series that in whimsicality and timeliness surpasses the efforts that have heretofore appeared by this famous artist.

Foster Lincoln, whose society pictures have created no little interest, makes his bow to Puck's family in the forthcoming issue, with a conception of the "Gay White Way" that is both unusual and startling.

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ALOIS P. SWOBODA

A REMARKABLE PERSONALITY

By Donald Richardson

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how, without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention.

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of All Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution," which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the

guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan compre-

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can, through the conscious use of the principles of Evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—100 per cent. efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda Standard, indeed mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

More power, energy and life are the needs and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get them. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda clearly demonstrates.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its very form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries, and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fog, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any character.

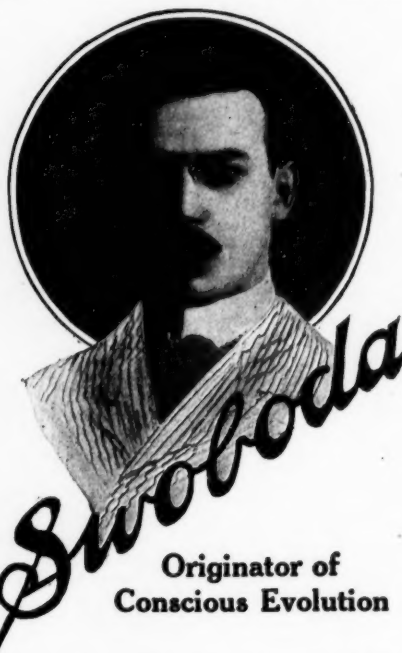
Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course; the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after-effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution, which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful, in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of this book while it is free. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 1380 Aeolian Bldg., New York City, N. Y.



Originator of
Conscious Evolution

hends the complete development of the human being—increased of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in Puck is too good to be true.

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck



A PRISONER AT THE DREAMLAND BAR

Christmas-Eve-mare of the Boy who was
"too big" to Believe in Santa Claus

Drawn by Samuel D. Otis



Germany needs children and every conceivable inducement must be offered to encourage large families.
—An official bulletin.

Unfortunately, German efficiency has found no way of making "artificial" children.

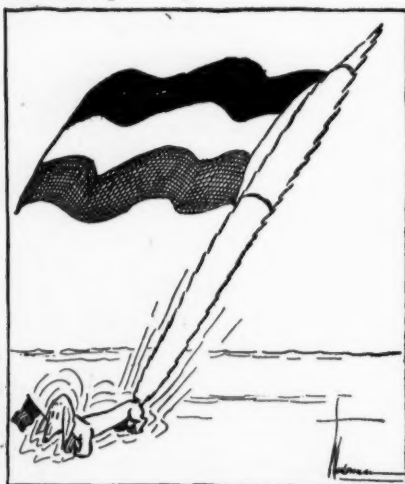
A despatch from Athens mentions "the present condition of nervousness" of the King of Greece. When confronted by a variety of guns, all pointed at his head, even a king is apt to display certain symptoms of nervousness.

Sergeant O'Leary, the husky little Irishman who took a German trench all by himself, has been promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the Connaught Rangers. What has become of the theory that only a chap with independent means could afford to accept a commission in a British regiment? Perhaps the war has done something to it.

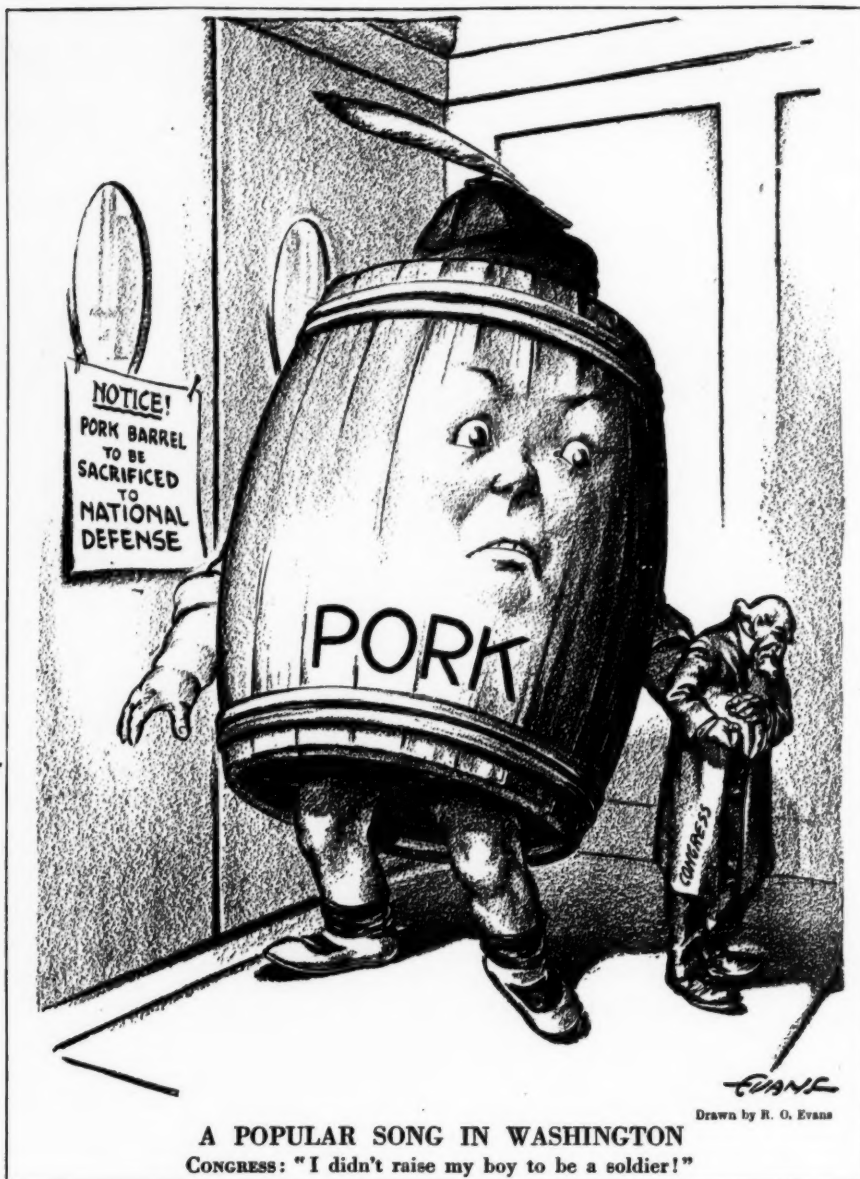
A royal person, writing in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, deplores the destruction by Italy of the vault containing the last of the French Bourbon kings. An unreasonable objection, for what possible harm can there be in opening a little old bourbon?

The trouble with England, say certain Teuton critics, is that she lacks German iron in her system. Perhaps Germany might countenance a trade on the basis of iron for copper.

Colonel Roosevelt has branded as "absolutely false" the report from Canada that he is to command one of the Dominion's expeditionary forces. In thus electing a Canadian or two, the Ananias Club establishes a non-resident membership.



THE TAIL THAT WAGS THE DOG



If the nomination were offered to me, I should feel it my duty to accept it, even if it killed me.—*Elihu*.

Politically?

The charge that Commissioner McCall does not invariably have the "P. S. C." sign on his automobile, is not as grave as it seems. Indeed, the fact that he doesn't is rather to his credit than otherwise. "P. S. C." means Public Service Commission. And when displayed upon an automobile, it signifies that the occupant thereof is at least partially engaged in serving the New York public. Not to be a hypocrite is commendable.

Anger was displayed by some members of Parliament this morning when they arrived at their accustomed tables and found wooden penholders instead of quills.—*London despatch*.

Another stern measure of war-time economy, but it might have been worse. Instead of a wooden penholder, each Member might have found on his table a fountain-pen. Then, we presume,

there would have been a regular Wat Tyler revolt.

Persons who are qualified to speak on such subjects, assure us positively that there is enough coal in this country to last us 6,000 more years. Despite which, countless people will worry as usual that there won't be coal enough to last till Spring. It is a forgetful world, my masters.

Eloping couple to get a divorce, says a headline. This is a speedy age we're living in.

President Lowell of Harvard says that men go to college to study. We trust that the undergraduates of the country will rise in a compact body and resent this damnable accusation.

Is it too soon to begin a spirited campaign against the horde of hyphenated words in the dictionary?

Ruck



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Sir Astor had his pocket picked—
We doubt if he enjoyed it.
When business strain affects your brain,
Stop thinking and avoid it.
The Solar System's line of March
Is growing more erratic.
King Constantine
Defied his Queen—
He's very democratic.

Napoleon's hair, collectors swear,
Is worth a hundred dollars,
Who knows what fortunes barbers
brush

From our immortal collars?
Adopting babies, as a sport,
Now rivals bridge and skating.
A rumor hints
That Prussia's Prince
Is rather bored with hating.

The Worry Germ has come to life,
But don't let that affright you,
For if you do not stir it up,
'Twill very seldom bite you.
'Tis said that prehistoric maids
Were very fond of lacing.
Sir Justice Hughes
Expressed his views
On Presidential racing.



The Colonel will not go abroad
To aid the Allied causes;
A Kiss is only safe when had
Through antiseptic gauzes.
Champ Clark will lead Sir Woodrow's
fight
For armored preparation;
Claude Kitchin prays
For happy days,
And we're a trustful nation.

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

A noisy hen in Darien
Scratched up a ton of treasure;
To own a chick with such a trick
Would be a downright pleasure.
The German Emperor has planned
A business trip to Turkey.
Chas. Whitman's boom
Is wrapped in gloom,
And aren't the Balkans murky?

The scientist's have found a star
That lures us from our orbit;
If it's as golden as it seems,
No doubt we'll soon absorb it.
Fur boots and Russian novelettes
Are now the ruling passion;
The purple shoe
Is sad but true—
And dogs are out of fashion.

'Tis whispered that a Fearful Fate
Is gathering above us
When Europe's war is safely o'er,
Not one of Them will love us!
Hard thought, we hear, will make one
thin,
And slender-limb'd, and sprightly;
We'll make our last
Both hard and fast—
C'est fini! Exit lightly!





SUPERFLUOUS POLITENESS

Drawn by Nelson Greene

THE ELEPHANT: May I offer you the shelter of my umbrella, Miss?

THE MOOSE: I should be delighted to have you take mine

MISS COLUMBIA: Thank you, gentlemen; but what's the matter with the one I have?

"What Fools These Mortals Be"



Puck

(Established 1877)

VOL. LXXVIII. No. 2023. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 11, 1915

Our "Bitterly Disappointed" Colonel

IF an interview in the *London Daily Mail* is to be fully credited, the reason for Colonel Roosevelt's disapproval of the Wilson administration is clear at last. Though the President's handling of a succession of grave situations was quite satisfactory to a few million of his fellow-citizens, the peppery person in the library on Sagamore Hill repeatedly declined to approve. According to the London interview, Colonel Roosevelt holds President Wilson responsible for "one of the bitterest disappointments of his life." After the *Lusitania* affair, the *Mail* informed its readers that the Colonel looked upon war between the United States and Germany as inevitable, and that he made "instant preparations" for raising a cavalry force on the lines of the Rough Riders, only

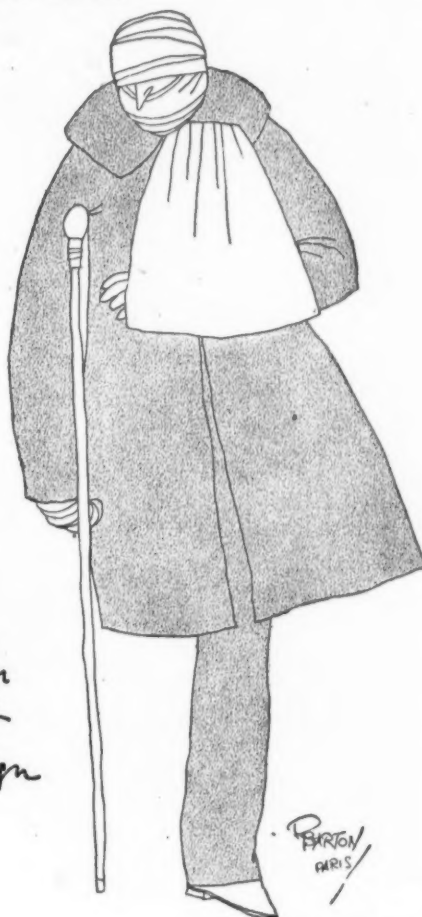
much larger. "The Generals, Colonels, Majors and some of the Captains were actually selected," and within three months after the declaration of war, it may be stated on the authority of the *Mail* that the Colonel and his men would have been in Flanders. President Wilson's handling of the situation forced the Colonel to "forego that dream," and "one of the bitterest disappointments of his life" was the immediate consequence.

Private grief is, or should be, sacred from intrusion; and Colonel Roosevelt's private grief over the unfortunate outcome of the Wilson negotiations with Germany shall be held sacred by PUCK. Only those with a propensity for making bad matters worse will attempt to assuage the Colonel's grief, to reconcile him to his continued residence on Sagamore Hill when he longs for that dear Flanders. By mentioning the fact that up to date the war losses in Europe total over five million men, good-intentioned persons may reconcile others to the absence of the United States at the battle line, but not the Colonel. If a dinky strife like our war with Spain could start the Colonel on the way to the White House, what might not a world's war accomplish, if the Colonel kept his health? And from a severely practical standpoint, to what unprecedented rate per word might not the Colonel legitimately aspire?

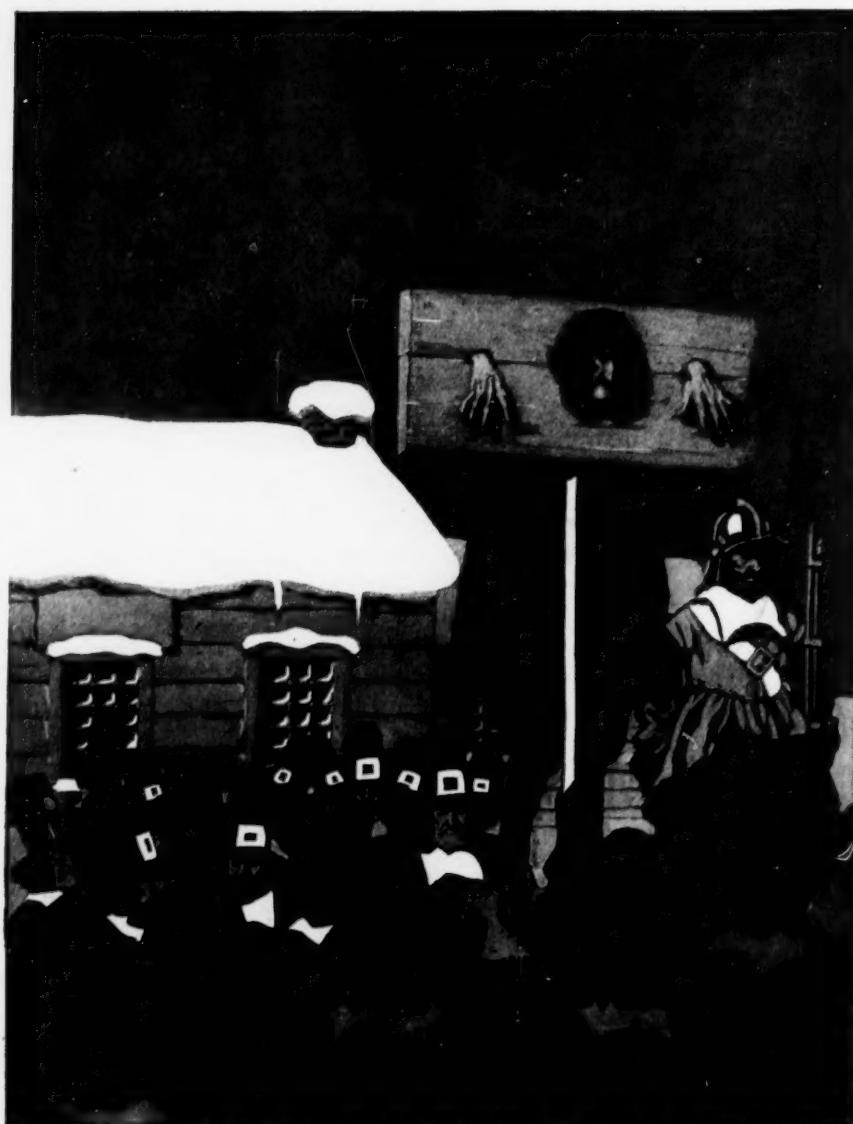
AN ILLUSTRATED WAR LETTER FROM PARIS

The United States could do worse than to pay the expenses of a trip to Europe for each American who would like to "get into the row" so that he might see some of the European young men who can now quit thinking about National Honor and begin to think about National Occupation. It has a wonderful effect. Personally, I am for the first time absorbed in American politics - I shall come back and repeat for Wilson until I am caught next election-day, instead of going up there and stoking a huge, belching machine until I am blown to bits for a reason that nobody is quite sure of. You might mention to our friend T. R. that if he can't rest without fighting that France maintains an excellent Foreign Legion that he may join at will.

R.B.



Drawn in Paris, by Ralph Barton, especially for Puck



Drawn by Cory Kilvert

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

What happened to the New Englander who first dared be "merry" at Christmas

The Assassin

Grasping her ankles firmly in his iron hands, he dashed her head a dozen times against the garden wall. But,



PREPAREDNESS

NOAH (to Shem): We'd have been in a fine fix if we'd listened to the chumps who said we had no use for a navy!

though the plaster flew like snowflakes, the remarkable woman was smiling scornfully when his strength gave out.

"You can't kill me!" she mocked.

"You vixen, I'll do for you yet!" he cried, and, tying her hands, feet and joints, he dragged her by the hair into the house and forced a tube from an open gas jet into her mouth.

Two days later he returned.

"You can't kill me!" she taunted.

"I'll show you!" he bellowed in blind fury, and carried her roughly up to the roof, eight stories high, and threw her violently over. He heard her land in a bin of iron rivets. But when he went down to pick up the pieces, her old smile greeted him.

"Impossible!" she laughed.

"Perhaps," he said with a strange smile, "but at least I've got all the powder off your nose."

With a shriek she whipped out her hand mirror, gave one look, and with another shriek fell back dead.

Erudite Columbia

Columbia is already hailing this year as her biggest and best year. With an enrollment larger than any other university in the country, with a football team as yet undefeated, with a crew fresh from a decisive victory over Yale's powerful boat, and with every prospect of a successful basketball season, it is no wonder that the Blue and White is optimistic.

—Culture item in an evening paper.

And this is education! Possibly, it will come as a shock to all who supposed that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler had something to do with Columbia's success, but truth is mighty and facts speak for themselves. A college president and a faculty seem to be superfluities at Columbia. In fact, it will be odd if some enterprising and influential body of Blue and White Alumni does not suggest the painless removal of Dr. Butler and the substitution of Percy Haughton, D. F. P. (*Doctor of Forward Passes*), in his place. And additional impetus might be given the cause of culture by the engagement of Thomas L. Shevlin, D. P. (*Doctor of Pep*), as Dean of the Faculty.

LITTLE ETHEL (to visitor): Did you just get back to-day, Mrs. Brown?

THE VISITOR: Why, no, Ethel. I haven't been away. What made you think I had?

LITTLE ETHEL: Why, my papa and mama both said that you and your husband had been at Loggerheads for two or three weeks.

The American poet laureate (by the way, who is he?) may yet be asked to write a Hymn of Haiti.



ALL IN THE VIEWPOINT

"I went joy-riding last night."

"Did the trip have an unfortunate ending?"

"Very. There wasn't any accident at all, and I was with people that I will probably never have a chance to get my name in the paper with again."



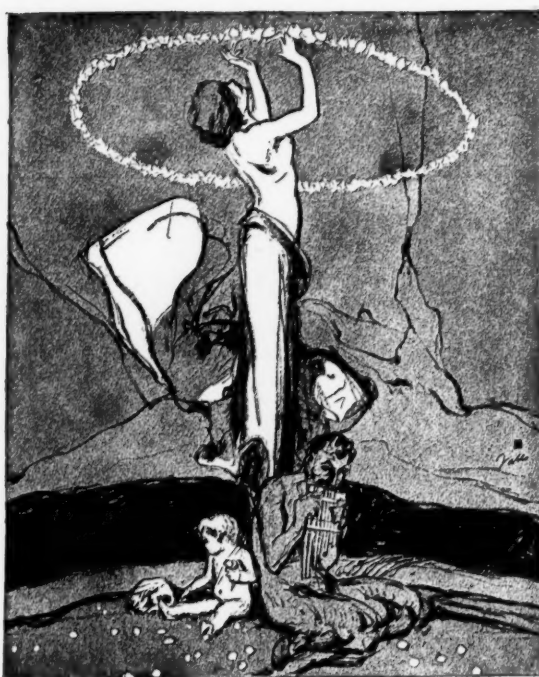
FISHERMAN'S LUCK

Painted by Hamilton King

The Eternal Question

Good old Sir Thomas Browne wrote in his "Urn Burial": "What songs the Sirens sang or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond conjecture." But to make bricks without straw is a feat that might have given pause to the wonderful word-spinner of Norwich. A once famous English journalist said: "When in doubt, invent"; and demonstrated it by putting a speech into the dead mouth of Dr. Samuel Johnson. George Augustus Sala was the ingenious writer in question. His fabled words were: "Come, let us take a walk down the Strand." Sam Johnson, of course, never said anything of the kind. But the phrase stuck and was used as a motto for a monthly magazine in London. What invention these antique fellows had. They wrote daily their 5,000 words or more, dined solidly, wine copiously, and slept like fatigued giants. Hazlitt had to cut out the drinking, substituting tea, "the beverage of the intellectual," quoth De Quincey (who filled up on drugs). Yet none of these, not even Hazlitt, had to write of plays and players when little of importance had occurred. Again, I insist on the comparative easiness of Sir Thomas Browne's conundrum when compared to the one I propound: What shall we talk about to-day? That most charming of *causeurs*, Charles Lamb, might have asked: Why write at all? Men and women must write for others to read — not to mention the "moaning at the bar." Then, snuffing the candles before a hearth miraculously swept and garnished, Mr. Lamb would have insisted, like Sarah Battle, on the "regions of the game." "Give me the plots of your empty week and I'll look to it that we contrive some entertainment for your readers." Pooh, pooh, sir! What's this? Opera — an empty kind of pleasure for idle ears! Theatres! Oddsbodkins! A batch of new plays, and yet you grumble over a lack of material! A writer worth his salt should be able to write interestingly, even of such a wooden subject as a theatrical manager. "Have you any hot water and sugar handy?" suddenly demands Mr. Lamb. I sadly nod my head in the direction of the sideboard and Mr. Lamb skips out of sight. No escape for the weary! I look over my programs. They are legion. Courage, let's take the fatal plunge!

Shows As an object lesson, bad and indifferent shows interest me; but as space-fillers, I can't afford the luxury. I haven't the space. So I'll only write about what I like. I particularly liked the comedy, "Quinneys," by Horace Annesley Vachell, which, after prosperity in London, was put on at Maxine Elliott's Theatre here. The story is simple, the characterization — apart from an overdrawn American millionaire — is simple, and the construction of the piece simplicity itself. The cast is competent. "Hobson's Choice," at the Princess, proved another interesting comedy, by Harold Brighouse; it is solid, if not especially brilliant in workmanship. Both these plays were well



THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

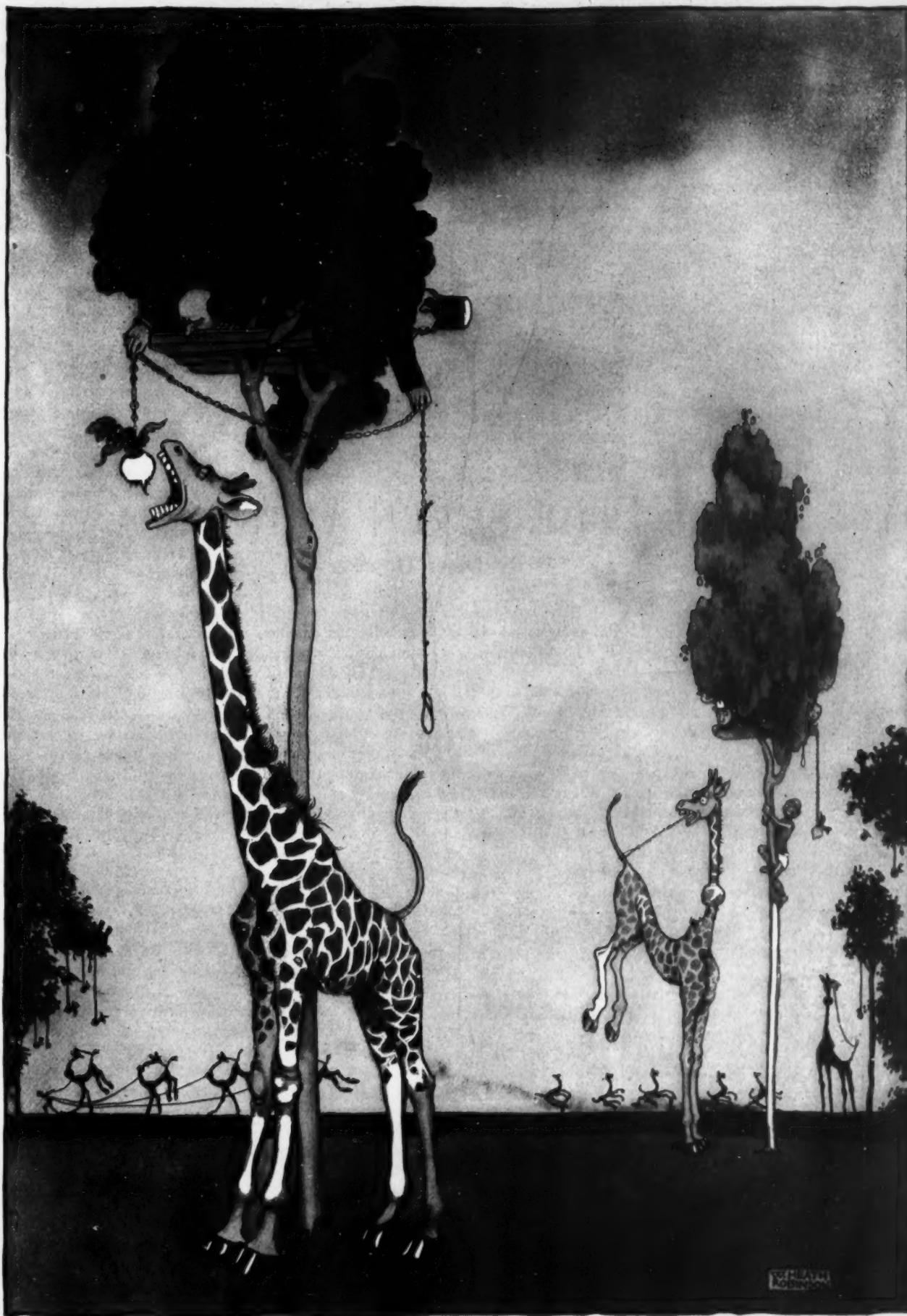
work I've enjoyed, in company with an army of his admirers, for the past two decades. Mr. Daly is always clever; but no one can galvanize dead bones. Another futile piece was "The Eternal Magdalene" — how many variations have been sounded since Wilkie Collins and his new Magdalene! — in which Julia Arthur, once upon a time a much praised actress, was the star. The lady married in the middle of a very promising career, and her return to the stage is a surprise. Miss Arthur, as to good looks, has not greatly changed, though she is more sedate. Boston and its Back Bay atmosphere would chill Vesuvius itself. However, a play more suitable to her once fiery temperament may work wonders and restore her wonted fire.

The musical season opened with a roar, about 80 **Music** concerts were reeled off before the Opera began — a brilliant opening at the Metropolitan — "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Caruso — November 15th. (Hardly a novelty, this slow-going old oratorio in operatic clothes; for that is what it sounds like.) The Boston Opera Company had a short engagement at the Manhattan Opera House, with fair artistic results. With the exception of Olive Fremstad — who only sang once, and in "Tosca" — the cast was not very brilliant. "The Love of Three Kings," "Carmen," "The Dumb Girl of Portici" and other works were sung. It was the beautiful dancing of Pavlova that was the chief magnet of the season. A Simon-pure Japanese soprano, Tamaki Miura, in "Madame Butterfly," did not create a profound impression. Zenatello was the star tenor.

Despite their occasional amateurishness the Washington Square Players are doing capital work at the Bandbox Theatre on 57th Street, east. They produce new or seldom heard one-act plays and are gathering a decidedly growing *clientèle*. And this is well, for it is to such organizations a certain theatre-loving public must look for artistic

Washington Square Players

(Continued on page 22)



Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

SPORTING STRATEGY
SNARING GIRAFFES IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

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WHAT FOOLS THESE MOR

A Russian family is driving through the wintry woods. The road is difficult. It is beset with hungry wolves. But the family consists of a safe and experienced driver, and sturdy, well-armed men and women equipped with weapons to fight off their common enemies, the wolves. Suddenly you see them grasp their knives and guns and attack—not the wolves, but each other. In another moment the driver has dropped his reins, and as he too joins the fight, the horses leave the road and plunge madly into the woods.

Why this quarrel? What is the matter? You cannot understand it all. A fight amongst the occupants of the sleigh makes it certain that all alike will fall prey to the

wolves. T
common en
is but in m
the state p
Misery, and
through ce
industry, is
Russian fa
wolves.



Rodney Thompson

THESE MORTALS BE

wolves. The family is dooming all of its members to certain destruction by their common enemies. You contemplate this scene with horror and contempt. Yet it is but in miniature the fight of the nations. As *they* quarrel among themselves the state plunges madly to destruction, and the common enemies of all, Disease, Misery, and Poverty, claim their own. The progress made in fighting them off, through centuries of consistent work by individual and state, by science and industry, is lost. In the great war of the human family, as in the fight of the Russian family in the sleigh, the only victors are the common enemies, the wolves.



AND THE JANITOR'S FAMILY GETS THEM ALL
 The modern Santa delivers his Christmas presents in a Zeppelin — with this result

When Soldiers "Think"

Young man, the lowest aim in your life is to be a good soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks, never reasons, he only obeys.

—A Socialist writer.

The above extract is a masterly summary of army life under existing and long-standing conditions. Under Socialism, the army would be radically reformed. The good soldier would both think and reason. If it impressed him as being the right thing to do, he would also obey; but not otherwise. Here is given a section of military routine—under ideal Socialistic conditions.

COMPANY CAPTAIN: 'Tention, company! Forward march!

PRIVATE SMITH: Aw, what's the use of going any further? Haven't we marched far enough?

COMPANY CAPTAIN: The order is not of my making, boys. It came from the Colonel.

PRIVATE BROWN: Sure it did; but who told that old boob he could order us around? Just to show I don't recognize his authority, I'm not going to stir a step.

PRIVATE JONES: I'm with you, comrade. As Karl Marx says in his—

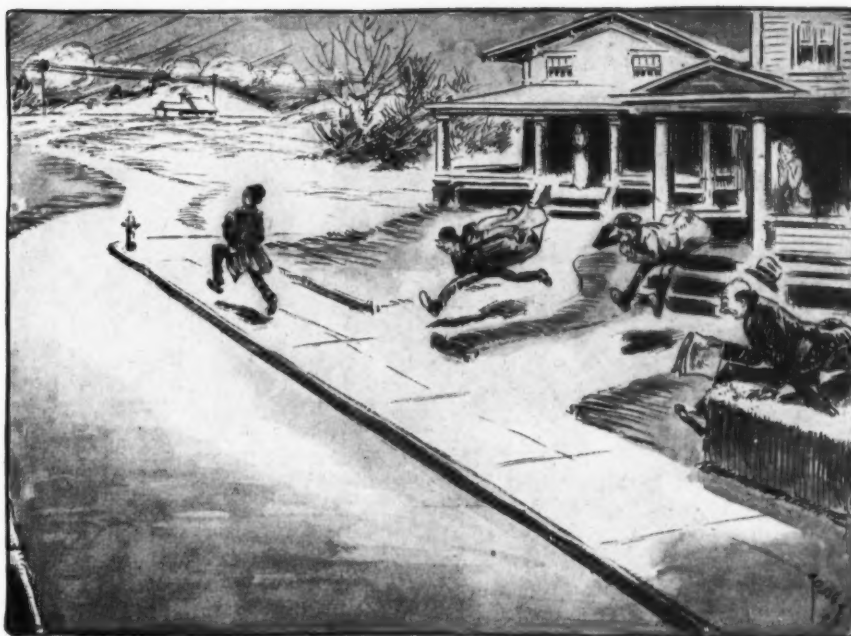
STAFF OFFICER: What's the matter here, anyway? Don't you understand an order? The word was given to march.

COMPANY CAPTAIN: We heard it, Major, but the boys think they've marched enough for to-day.

PRIVATE JONES: I'll tell you what. I'll go have a talk with the Colonel.

PRIVATE SMITH: Well, don't take any guff from him, Jimmy. Make him understand we don't object to marching on general principles, but we do insist on our right to know all the facts, and to decide for ourselves whether marching is necessary.

PRIVATE JONES: I get you. Hello!



SUBURBAN TRIALS

Drawn by Sanford Tousey

Brown's determination to exercise on the way to the station has a tragic effect on his neighbors

Here comes the Colonel now. Howdy, old dear!

THE COLONEL: I thought I gave an order to march. What the —

COMPANY CAPTAIN: Not so fast, Colonel. As I understand it, you sent my company a request to march, and —

THE COLONEL: A *what* to march!

PRIVATE JONES: Now don't get red in the neck, sweetheart! Who gave you the right to order us to march? I suppose you'll say headquarters. Well, who gave headquarters the right to order you to march? Are the men at headquarters any better than you are?

THE COLONEL: God bless my soul, I never thought of that.

PRIVATE SMITH: And are you any better than we are?

THE COLONEL: Not a bit. The whole order is a damned outrage. We

shall *not* march. We'll stay right here where we are. Halt!

THE MAJOR: Halt!

THE CAPTAIN: Halt, men!

PRIVATE SMITH: Oh, come now. There's no use in taking an extreme view of the case. This is a bum place to stop, and I'm rested now.

PRIVATE JONES: So am I.

PRIVATE BROWN: Me, too. I'd just as soon march now as not. Come on, fellers! Forward MARCH!

THE REST OF THE COMPANY: Right you are, Bo. Coming, Cap?

PRIVATE JONES: You can come along, too, if you want to, Colonel.

(*Exeunt omnes, marching.*)

WILLIE: What's a barber-shop, pa?

PAPA: It is a place where they spend an hour doing something to your face, then an hour doing something for it.



Drawn by Louis Lang

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES LINE—I

THE NEAR-SIGHTED FLIRT



Drawn by Hy Mayer

THE CORDIAL MOVIE MAN

WRITER: Could I make an appointment with you for some day next week? I want to give you a reading of a scenario dealing with the fall of Rome. I intend to introduce Caesar, Augustus and the Goths

FILM EDITOR: Sorry, but you're a little bit too early with that. The Germans ain't in Italy yet; but as for your friends, sure, bring 'em around; I'll be glad to meet 'em any time!



THE PUPPET SHOP

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Lessons in Cleverness A Careful Study and Practice of Which Will Assure to Anyone an Enviably Reputation (SECOND SERIES)

I.

(And most important)

Remain a bachelor. (This is a very difficult trick to learn. It requires much practice and the exercise of a quick and ready wit. But, it can be done. The elementary need is for talent and technique in the broad jump, the pole vault and the 440-yard dash.)

II.

Never neglect an opportunity to say the right thing at the inappropriate moment.

III.

When a member of a party engaged in converse on some such subject, let us say, as politics, say nothing, wait until the debate is over and, when then asked your opinion, say that it may all be very well and that they may know what they are talking about, but that you think she isn't married to Harry Pilcer at all.

IV.

In the company of women under twenty-three, be discreetly naughty. In the company of women over twenty-three, be naughty.

V.

Always drop a bit of a crust of bread into your champagne glass.

VI.

Doubt whether it is really Russian caviar.

VII.

Whenever possible, use a French word.

VIII.

Express an enthusiastic admiration for any author of whom the company you are at the moment in has never heard. The more mediocre the author, the greater the kudos.

IX.

When ordering a dinner, exercise extreme caution to order only grotesque foods and dishes. Particular care must also be exercised in the direction of the cordial. For the rule of conduct in connection with the cordial, see Rule VIII.

X.

At dinner parties, give a little kick to the foot of one of the gentlemen at the table, immediately turn to the gentleman with a "Sorry," and when the latter dismisses the incident, follow up his reply with a quick, "I thought it was Miss So-and-So's foot I was kicking."

XI.

If possible, get the word "bourgeois" into every other sentence.

XII.

Profess to being on the inside about Geraldine Farrar.

Confidential Guide to Theatres

CORT.—"The Princess Pat," a musical comedy by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Second from the left end (the one in the mauve dress).

THIRTY-NINTH STREET.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Louis K. Ans-pacher. The Kaiserhof may be entered through the small door adjoining the theatre, thus saving one the quarter of a block around to the main entrance.

PRINCESS.—"Hobson's Choice," a Lancashire comedy by Harold Brighouse. Usher in the centre aisle (the chubby blonde one).

BOOTH.—"The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro, with E. H. Sothorn and Charlotte Walker. The one in the little white lace cap in the second aisle to the right.

IRVING PLACE.—"Das Weite Land," by Arthur Schnitzler, and Genuine Pilsner, by August Luchow.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S.—"Quinneys'." The play by Horace Annesley Vachell; the drama and scenery by Peggy Rush.

The Three Pleasantest Sounds in the American Theatre

1. Victor Herbert's violin and 'cello orchestrations.
2. Ethel Barrymore's speaking voice.
3. Carriage checks, please!

The proficient actor is one who can completely immerse his own personality in the rôle he is playing. The star actor is one who can completely immerse the rôle he is playing in his own personality.

An eminent gentleman and one regarded by many as a critical authority on the drama, recently stated as his firm conviction that the American theatre never in its history was better than now. And yet twenty years ago at the old Weber and Fields' Music Hall there appeared on the same stage in a single evening three chorus girls under thirty years of age!

The man who marries a chorus girl enjoys one great advantage over the man who marries another sort of woman. His married life is soon over.

The difference 'twixt tragedy and comedy is the difference of a hair's breadth. Tragedy ends with the hero's death. Comedy, with the hero's getting married.

"To criticize a dramatic work," said Paul Bourget, "one must ask in the first place for what sort of public it was composed." Which may explain why there is no such thing as dramatic criticism in the United States.

Stage-hand: applause for Robert Mantell.



SOME EXCUSE

THE CULPRIT: It's Jimmie's fault, mister; he said I couldn't hit it!

Regrets

"Twas after dinner on the day
That children love so well.
He stopped quite listless in his play
And hugged himself a spell.

His toys were scattered round about.
That meal, that Christmas meal!
No more we hear him laugh and
shout;—
That way he did not feel.

Long time he sat in silence grim,
Blanched was his boyish cheek;
A change had overtaken him—
And yet we heard him speak.

With genuine regret: "Oh, dear!"
(Twas his idea of bliss);
"I'll have to wait another year
For such a pain as this!"

The head of the family expends
many dollars on presents, and receives
two handkerchiefs and a pair of mitts.
Then is the time to be merry.

A new set of furs makes a devout
Christmas churchgoer.



FORCING A SALE

"Buy a dawg, mister? I wouldn't think o' set-
tin' yer own dawg on yer!"

"The Best Sir!"

Gold Seal

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No wonder he's happy!

You'll never know how much real satisfaction a dollar can buy until you've pinned a bill to this coupon and thus assured yourself of the safe arrival of the next thirteen numbers of "America's Cleverest Weekly."

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Why not send Puck to some good friend who would appreciate fifty-two reminders during the coming year of your thoughtfulness and good will? We'll send a handsome card announcing the gift.

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New York City

Enclosed find \$1.00
for which you will
kindly enter my name
for a Three Months'
Trial Subscription.

Name

Street

City and State



JUST WHAT HE WANTED

"My! But those are elegant presents on that Christmas tree!"

Music and Dirt

If a few persons left the opera early, however, it was because of the condition of the streets, whereof the oldest inhabitant could not recall a worse state since the theatre was new.

—From the New York Sun.

As a fitting accompaniment to the most expensive singers, the most expensive audience and the most expensive building we now have the most expensive streets. Most expensive in that the disease-bearing dust and débris of the wreckage-strewn highways that serve New York as streets keep our public hospitals always well filled.

By the way, wouldn't we laugh at any European city that could afford to engage Caruso for an entire season, yet could not afford to keep its streets in as good condition as those of the smallest and poorest village?

As long as fools are so much luckier than angels, why shouldn't they rush in?



CLASSIFIED

"Why, Catherine, I did not know you had a child! How old is she?"

"Oh, she's one of the follies of 1910"

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THE BLACKSTONE

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Leading Theatrical Offerings



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nesday and Saturday, 2:15
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THE LIARS and
THE NEW YORK IDEA
Opening Soon—**SHAW'S MAJOR BARBARA**

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COMMON CLAY By Elmer
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Management **CHARLES DILLINGHAM**
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30 Musical Comedies **SOUSA AND HIS**
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100 Novelties including the Ice
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Evenings 8:10 & Sat. **\$1.50** Daily Matinee **\$1**
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BOOTH—E.H. Sothorn in Lord Dundreary
WINTER GARDEN—A World of Pleasure
CASINO—The Blue Paradise
LYRIC—Abe and Mawruss
39th STREET—The Unchastened Woman
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—Lou-Tellegen
SHUBERT—Alone at Last
COMEDY—Hobson's Choice
44th STREET—Romeo and Juliet

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

plays, even though the interpretations are not as yet on a high artistic plane. I say—not as yet, for there is high hope in the future. Ambition, industry and a high purpose is bound to bring success.

"The Christmas Spirit"

"Gee whiz! Have we got to give presents to all that mob? Can't you cut some of 'em out?"

"I started out to make this centerpiece for Bessie last August, and now I'm just ruining my eyes trying to finish it in time. I wish Christmas was in ballyhack."

"Haven't you anything cheaper than this? I don't want it for myself. It's for a Christmas present."

"What? Tommy Jones is going to send our Willie a book for Christmas? Oh, Lord, then we'll have to send him something, I suppose."

"Why in blazes have you got so many relations, anyway? I don't give something at Christmas to all my people, do I?"

"The hall boys? Oh, I suppose so. If we don't, they'll steal our milk all next year."

Please Remit

Now Mother takes the kiddies to the shop,

To see Saint Nick, the dear old whiskered fairy;

Saint Nick will make a business call on Pop

Along about the first of January.

"It isn't always what a Christmas present costs," said her friend, "that makes it appreciated."

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Bargain-Hunter; "very often it is what people think it cost."



—N. Y. World.

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by
DANA BURNET

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\$1.20 net

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[ESTABLISHED 1817]

PICKINGS FROM PUCK
The best quarterly issued in America
25 cents a copy—All Newsstands



—N. Y. Sun.

THE PIPE DREAM

Judging from events, past and present, the dream of peace would be more of a nightmare to Bill

English Actress Will Be Seen Here Soon in "Searchlight."—*Headline.*

We've seen 'em in tights and low-cut gowns, but isn't this rather a novel costume effect? Things are looking up for the T. B. M.

MOTHER: Alice, did I not see you kiss Mr. Brace when you came home from the theatre last night?

ALICE: Yes, Ma, but it was through my veil.



AS REQUESTED

"Always try to be 'bliging at Chris'mas. Big department stores all ask us to take home small pack (gulp) ages."

Mrs. DYER: Have you had any experience in taking care of children?

APPLICANT: No, ma'am. Heretofore I've only worked for the best families.

It might be interesting to open the grave of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and see whether the man who said "Millions for defense!" has turned over.

If we could spell the foundation of most successful careers it would read—*moderation.*

It is because we make a wonderfully mild and mellow whiskey for the moderate man that we have been successful in business for nearly one hundred years. *Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

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A Winter Warning
No longer is
Your length of dress
A clue to guess
How old you are.

It now has riz
To show your skirt,
You little flirt,
How bold you are.

But when you're friz
Don't come and wail
In plaintiff tale
How cold you are.

FRIEND: They say your husband had
nothing when he married you.
WIFE OF A BASEBALL FAN: Not a thing.
Since then, however, he has developed
considerable speed but not much control.

Carstairs Rye

EST. 1788

John Fitch Patented His Steamboat
Three Years After Carstairs Rye Was Established

The superiority of Carstairs Rye looms large
alongside of "later arrivals," in times past and
present.

Carstairs Rye is the drink of all drinks—"straight"
or in High Balls

In the non-refillable bottle—"A Good Bottle to
Keep Good Whiskey Good."



Up from the Depths

The man had killed a man—he had met the girl—a
stranger—at half-past one at Rooney's. A crisis came
—and under the surface of shame, the souls of each stood
forth to sacrifice—and to a better, cleaner life. To O.
Henry it is given to see beneath the outer darkness—to
the soul within. It's not the truth a man tells, but the spirit
in which he tells it that counts. That is why O. Henry can
write of things not always told, and yet have a clean, high
spirit. He tells of those who would rather suffer hunger
than be bad—and the others.

O. HENRY

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off
the press, to the 90,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes
offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on
the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him, with love and
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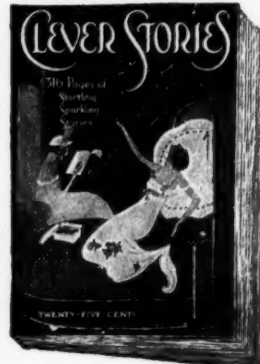
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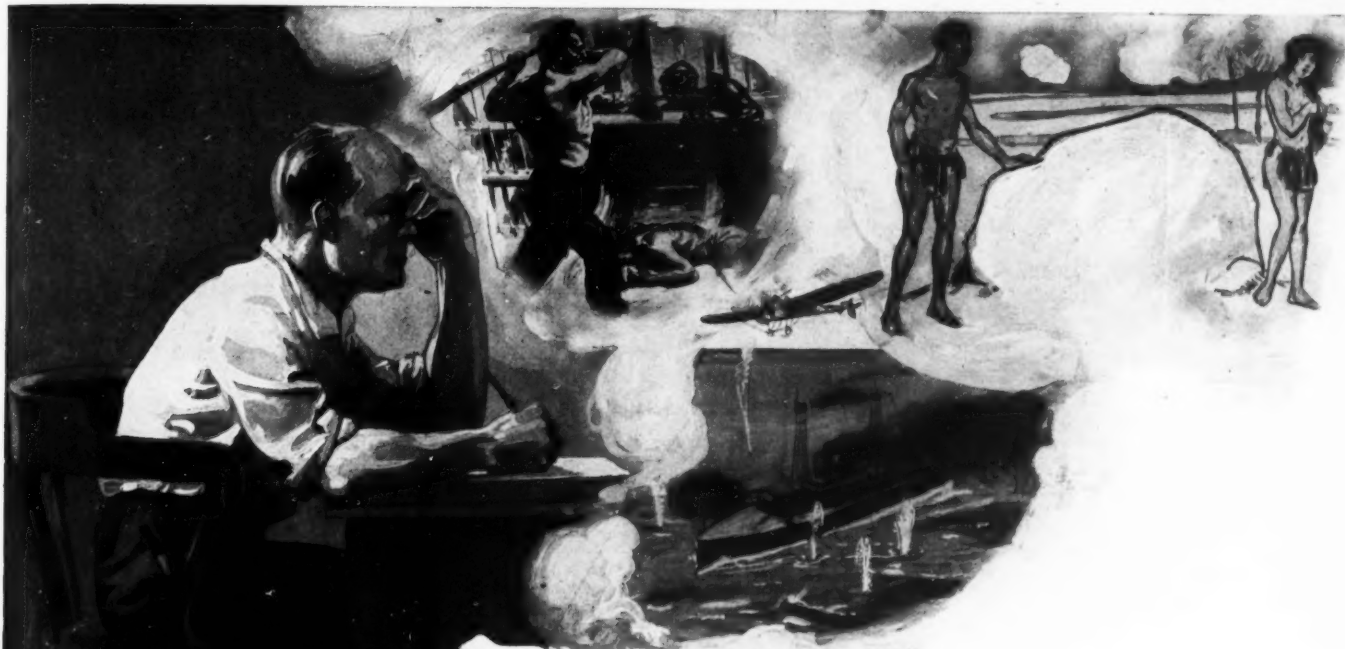
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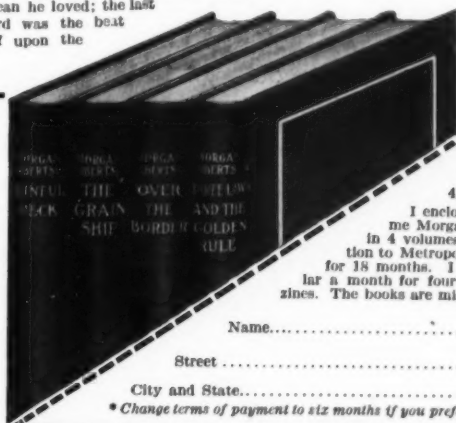
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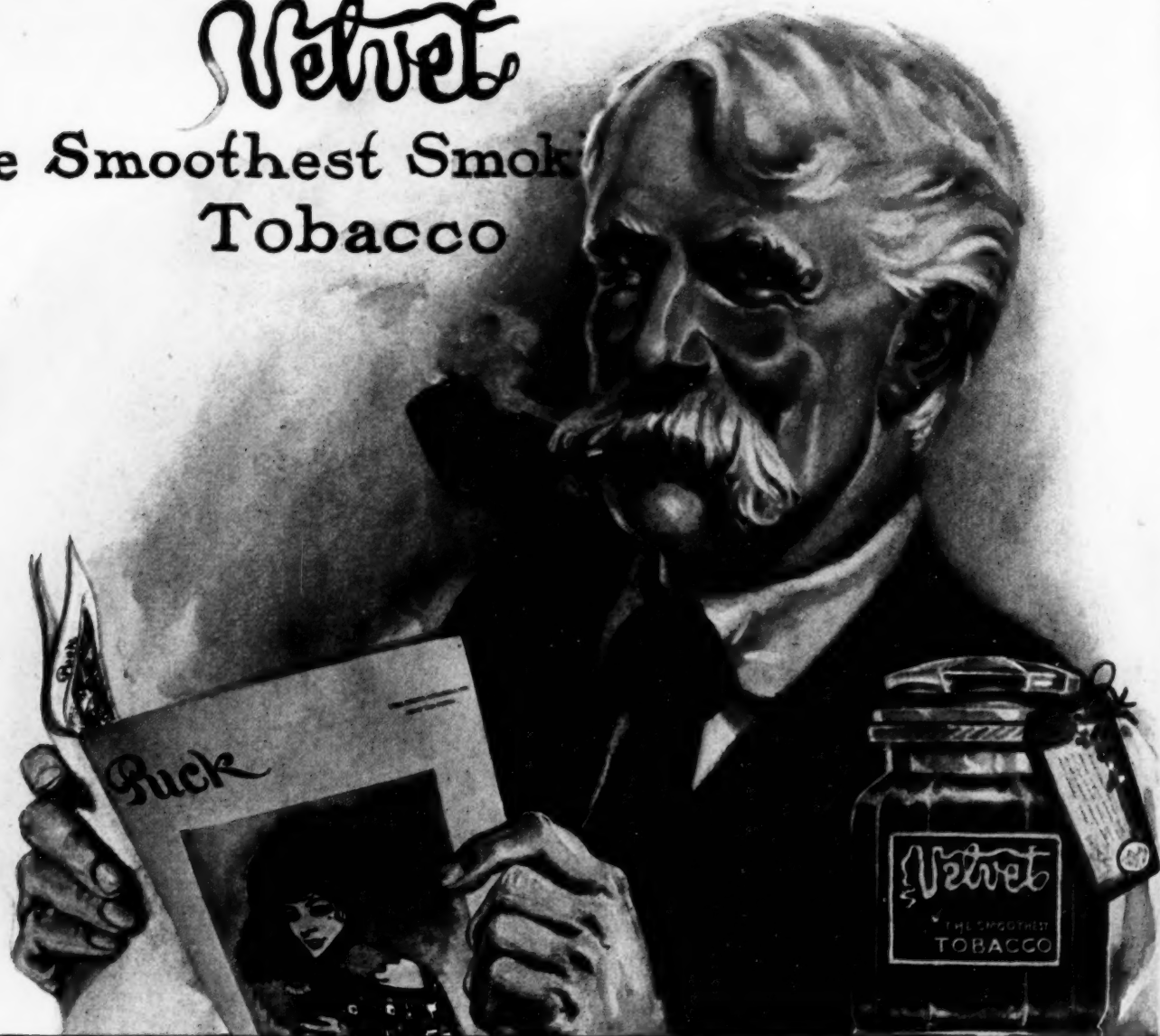
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